

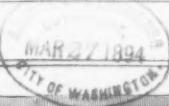
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ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1894.



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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

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We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that they saw the announcement in ONCE A WEEK.

The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1894.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

I ALWAYS get up to see the sun dance on Easter Sunday morning.

I DON'T always see it, mind you. Sometimes the wonderful thing happens while my back is turned; sometimes Old Sol prefers to do the frisky act before throwing off the bed-clothes—I mean clearing the bank of gray and purple clouds that line the east—and sometimes I am just a minute too late to see him cut his caper.

BUT I believe in it, all the same, just as firmly as I believe in Santa Claus, and in the mysteries of Hallow-e'en and all those other nice old stories that are my heritage—yours and mine—from vanished generations.

I NEVER fail to tell the children about it on Easter Saturday night, and even sometimes, behind closed doors, I give them an exhibition—yes, really, execute a *pas seul* in the probable steps of the dance to be performed on the morrow by his Apollonic Majesty. It does one good to see their eyes brighten and hear their ringing laughter as they clap their hands and declare they will get up and see for themselves. It makes me forget the cold world and its merciless exactions on a poor editor, and brings back some of my vanished youth.

BUT after the frolic is over, as likely as not one of the small spectators more thoughtful than the rest wants to know *why* the sun so glad on Easter morning. And then we all grow serious as the old story is unfolded about Him who was dead and rose again from the tomb, and about the Angel that guarded the sepulchre, and the visit of Mary Magdalen.

THE children go to sleep over it, naturally; but they don't forget the story, and their gladness is great on Easter morning, for they know it is right to be glad because of what took place on the first Easter Day, also because the sun—the giver of life and joy to the world—danced, actually danced, in the heavens, rejoicing over the Resurrection.

SOME one has written that but for the poetry of it, the Christian religion would long ago have died a natural death. He forgot that poetry itself is the divinest thing of all, that religion and poetry are so closely interwoven there is no telling where one begins and the other leaves off. After all, it matters less what reason the soul offers itself in explanation of its desire to roll the stone away from its door on Easter morning to let the new day in, than that the desire is actually stirred by the associations that hover round the festival, that the heart feels a dim striving to be free from the tomb-like imprisonment of sin, to awake to a new birth like all Nature, and step forth clothed in light and joy. But, bless me! this is not a sermon!

THE paper in another column from the pen of Henry George will be read with interest by both the friends

and the opponents of the great economist's theories of taxation. For Henry George is one of the great thinkers of the century, and the careful reader will admire in the present very condensed article that lucid and striking consecutiveness for which all his writings are noted. While not formally indorsing the views expressed, either by Senator Lodge, in a former number, or by Mr. Henry George, in this week's issue, ONCE A WEEK bespeaks for both of them that careful, impartial study which mature judgment and vast scholarship are always entitled to. Papers on the same topic will be contributed in succeeding issues by others of our prominent men, who are on opposite sides of the monetary and tariff questions.

SOME of our readers are interested in the subject of coining the seigniorage, and want to know what it all means. Here are two letters from subscribers:

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

SINCE Abram S. Hewitt of your city spoke of the Bland Seigniorage Coinage Bill as an attempt to coin a vacuum, some of us out this way are more at sea than ever as to the meaning of the word seigniorage. And what in the world does Mr. Hewitt mean by "coining a vacuum"? I thought it was silver they were going to coin. My husband and I always read the daily papers. He has tried to explain the seigniorage to me and the children; but we have no heads for politics, it seems. He has not even tried to explain about the vacuum. Since Mr. Hewitt used that awful word my husband seems to take no interest in anything around him. Can you not explain, and perhaps save his mind from tottering?

MARSHALL, O., March 13.

ANXIOUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

What is all this about the seigniorage? and coinage? What does Abram S. Hewitt of New York mean when he says the Bland Bill would be an attempt to coin a vacuum?

DESPERATE.

FLATLANDS, L. I., January 15.

What the seigniorage is may best be told by an illustration. You know that, under the Sherman Law, recently repealed, purchases of silver were made and deposited in the Treasury as bullion. The price per ounce paid by the Treasury varied from time to time. Suppose that during a given time sufficient silver had been bought to coin one hundred million standard silver dollars. Now, set this down, \$100,000,000. If the price paid by the Government amounted to exactly \$65,000,000, there would be a difference of \$35,000,000 between the cost of the silver to the Government, as metal, and the face value of the silver dollars coined from it. This difference is the seigniorage.

Mr. Hewitt's "vacuum" is not so easy to explain. Gentlemen of Mr. Hewitt's monetary school maintain that, under the Bland Bill, more than \$55,000,000 paper money would be issued; that this paper issue would have nothing but fifty-five million newly-coined standard silver dollars behind it in the Treasury; that all the silver purchased under the Sherman Law has already silver certificates outstanding against it; that there is no seigniorage; because all the silver purchased has, as it were, all it can do to make good the silver certificates issued against it; and that, therefore, to coin the seigniorage would be to coin a vacuum.

A LATE number of the *Winnipeg Free Press* shows that the competition fad has reached the N. W. T., and that the Moosominers can go one better. The *Free Press*, of Winnipeg, states that, some weeks ago, the Moosomin *Spectator* started a competition with this question: "Why am I a Bachelor?" The winner of the prize, awarded by Lieut.-Governor Mackintosh, as judge, was Mr. W. H. Morris, of Valley P. O., Assiniboia, whose answer was as follows:

Why I am a bachelor—
1. Because the name of woman is too suggestive. Just look at the w's that's before the man.
2. I am a short man, and the ladies are all in favor of Hymen.
3. Being a bachelor, I am a Home-Ruler, and consequently opposed to the Union.
4. Because, although marriage may not be entirely a failure, it is nearly always a miss-take.

THE Brazilian rebellion is believed to be over. That is to say, Da Gama has fled aboard a Portuguese steamer, and the insurgent navy has unconditionally surrendered—except Da Gama and Mello and a number of ships that Mello drew off to the south before the surrender. There is a report that Mello took away most of the insurgent ships, and that they will soon be joined by insurgents in the southern provinces. Peixoto holds the office of President until next November, when the recently elected President Moraes will succeed. The rebellion in Brazil is largely personal opposition to Peixoto. This country and other powers have done more to help him than they had a right to do, and still his success, now he has succeeded against Mello, does not seem to have restored order, inspired confidence or intimidated the rebellious factions. It is a desultory, long-drawn-out struggle, and the end is not yet.

THE quarrel between Governor Waite of Colorado and the Police Board of Denver culminated, March 15, in a prospective civil war. The militia of the city were about to attack the City Hall, garrisoned by the police force, when General McCook sent the United States Infantry from Fort Logan, thirteen miles distant, on the representation of the Governor that the State militia would probably be inadequate to cope with the police, in full possession of the city. After this move, it was generally believed that bloodshed had been averted, and

that the dispute would be settled in the courts. The trouble arose over the attempt of the Governor to oust the old Police Board and appoint a new one. The old Board refused to go, and Judge Graham issued an injunction restraining the Governor from his proposed action.

THE Church of La Madeleine, in Paris, was the scene, on March 15, of the self-destruction of an Anarchist, who entered the edifice with a dynamite bomb in one pocket, and a revolver tightly clasped in his hand in the other. Entering the edifice by a door that opens and shuts with a heavy swing, the bomb was struck, and the wretch was in eternity in an instant. The body was horribly mangled, the entrance to the church was slightly damaged, and a few persons at prayer were severely injured. The affair took place about 3 P.M.—an hour or so before the vesper service began. It is believed that the bomb-thrower intended to do his deadly work when the congregation had gathered. Upon the body was found a portrait of Ravachol, the Nihilist who was guillotined.

ON this side of the ocean there is an inclination in certain quarters to inaugurate the dynamite system of persuasion. All day long on the 14th, Paterson, N. J., was the scene of a strike of silk-weavers. The town was terrorized, business houses closed, and property destroyed. Next day comparative quiet reigned, and some of the rioters were arrested by regular process of warrant and sent to jail. Late at night some miscreant fired a small bomb in front of the residence of John Bates, foreman in one of the silk mills. Early last week an irresponsible party giving the name of Kelly, was caught by the Harlem police carrying a package containing several dynamite cartridges. He gave the wrong address of residence, and told many other crooked stories; but it is believed that he was made the dupe of other persons unknown, who probably hired him to carry the package. Shortly before he was arrested another man was with him; but he escaped, and all trace of him was lost in the excitement that followed the find. Superintendent Byrnes started a vigorous investigation at once. It is not likely that the dynamite method will become at all popular in this country. Without sympathizers among the people, the bomb-thrower is not even desperate; and our good-natured population, who have just passed peacefully through the severe ordeal of hard times, have no sympathy with Anarchy, and nothing but loathing for the fiend who throws bombs.

BUT why does any human being throw a bomb into an assembly of human beings? Why does he array himself against society and governments in the ranks of Anarchy? This fiend is a modern development. Even the natural instinct to save his own life has deserted him. He hates all men. He is a detached fact in human existence; a "rudimentary organ" in the social organism. His peculiar composition is made up of the criminal, the failed life, the rebellious instinct, the insane desire to be absolutely apart. It is useless to inveigh against him, or even against his deed. His summary taking off at the hand of the State probably infuriates more than it intimidates his fellows. The question is—the vital question—What particular conditions in modern life cause and assist the growth of this ex-crescence? It is not injustice; for the world at large is more just, more humane, more brotherly, than it ever was before. Is it that discontent, under the fierce glare of enlightenment, is too great a burden for those morbid, and the low specimens to bear, who were formerly not discontented because "they did not know"? If so, what shall we do? Clearly, the duty of the hour and the age is to quit stirring up bad passions, raising great expectations, and talking so much through reform's hat.

THERE is an object-lesson for tradespeople in a case of bankruptcy reported recently in the English papers. The debtor in question was a young lady, who, though possessing no means, had contrived to provide herself with comforts and luxuries by playing on the credulity of shop-keepers and others until her accumulated debts had reached the pretty figure of £3,000. One item of £60 for photographs will give an idea of the extravagant tendencies of this penniless young woman. While sympathizing to a certain extent with the victims of her dishonesty, one can hardly refrain from adding: "Serves them right!" Shop-keepers habitually show more respect for a well-dressed woman who enters their establishment with a lofty air and leaves a large order for expensive clothes than for the more modest customer who makes her needful purchases in an unostentatious way and pays cash for them every time. I have frequently discussed this subject with experienced shop-keepers in New York, and have been seriously advised that the only way to insure prompt attention and to command the respect of the tradespeople is to keep accounts with them.

THE divided skirt is with us truly and indeed. Mine own eyes have seen it. The wearer was a tall, graceful—and, if the truth must be told—a dignified woman, and pursued her way along Fourteenth Street under the fire of many curious eyes, with a truly marvelous sen-

blance of unconsciousness of being at all singular. Her costume was entirely of black cloth, and besides the fearful and wonderful part, consisted of a three-quarter length coat, double-breasted, tight-fitting and very full in the skirts. A collar and necktie were visible above it. Black cloth (hem!) leggings clothed her (hem!) legs from knee to ankle, and extended over the uppers of her neat and shapely shoes. A felt hat—a kind of glorified billy-cock—and a veil—saving hint of femininity!—completed the extraordinary make-up. Candor compels me to acknowledge that I was not as much shocked at the spectacle as I suppose I ought to have been. It looked really quite respectable.

THAT is more than I can say for the result of a similar experiment seen on a bicycle. A young woman spun past me uptown one day—it was Sunday afternoon, too, by the way—shorn of the trammels of custom and fashion—uncompromisingly betrousered and lacking the long-skirted coat which went far to redeem the aggressiveness of the first costume mentioned. There was something shocking and repulsive in this spectacle, and the bold, derisive glances that followed the unabashed wearer of this "improved" costume made the cheeks of other women tingle as they noted them. That is where the trouble comes in in this matter of dress reforms. A woman essentially modest and dignified might walk the streets like *Godiva*, if needs were, and not "shame her worth;" but put your ideas of emancipation, as expressed in clothes, in the hands of the proletariat, and immediately principles vanish, and only deplorable results remain of all your fine theories.

THE Bank of England must have been making all these years by minding its own business and fighting shy of reporters. Governor David Powell, when asked, last week, about the doings of ex-Cashier May, said his conduct had been thoroughly sifted, but it would not be right to go into details now. All that even the stockholders know is that two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling has been set aside to meet all possible losses through the ex-cashier's stock speculations and advances to customers. The net profits for the half year were £635,904.

IF Senator McPherson of New Jersey will join the Republican members of the Finance Committee, the Income Tax will not be reported to the Senate as part of the Wilson Bill.

Now, do not forget this. When one dies, one should, at least, be a dead body—no matter at present about the question of the future destiny. If one orders one's body to be reduced to a mere urnful of ashes by cremation, there may be some difficulty, under present regulations of Health Boards, in having the urnful classed as a dead body. The body, or rather the urnful, of Charles Gladden, who died in Rome recently, waited some days at the office of the European Express Company in Hoboken, N. J., last week, while the Board of Health disentangled the red tape from around it. The Board, in such cases, has no jurisdiction over ashes. Deputy Registrar Tracy held that the urn in which the late Mr. Charles Gladden was reduced to the inorganic constituted a body, and should be granted a transit permit through to its destination in California. But Secretary Clark and Counsel Steinert of the Board, having nothing more weighty to disturb their argumentativeness, declared that the authorities had no power in the matter. It was thought that the friends of the deceased would take the matter and the urn in their own hands and send it on to the Slope. While avoiding the worms, which cannot hurt one's feelings when one is dead, anyhow, cremation seems to run into collision with existing legal definitions. And it is no small hardship for a quiet urn, charges prepaid, to get tied up in Hoboken red tape.

"If I had written a clever novel like the 'Heavenly Twins,'" said a thoughtful woman to me a day or two since, "I would not have followed it up by a commonplace article like the 'New Aspect of the Woman Question,' in the *North American Review*." For the book is unquestionably great; eccentric, certainly, extravagant and one-sided; but with a certain grandeur and strength in its steadfastness of purpose, its fearless candor and passionate sincerity. Much deep thought and disinterested suffering went to the making of it. And the moral of it stands out with such startling distinctness that no man or woman who reads the novel can shake off the new sense of responsibility with which it clothes each separate individual.

It is the story of a pure-minded, but keen-sighted and high-spirited girl, who, on discovering that the man she has married is, by reason of his past life, utterly unworthy of her, refuses to become his wife except in name. Her own self-respect, regard for her health, and fear lest the offspring of a vicious man be signed with the seal of his iniquities, are the considerations which sustain her through many long years in the line of conduct she has marked out for herself. The penalty is severe—estrangement from her own family, self-condemnation to a loneliness that is sometimes unbearable, and finally a weakening of her splendid intellect and an overpowering sense of disappointment and failure.

THE "Heavenly Twins" are a most unnaturally precocious boy and girl, who grow up absolutely untrammelled by the restrictions put upon ordinary children. Their queer pranks and uncompromising outspokenness furnish the entertainment of this remarkable book.

THE article is a mere needless and tiresome iteration of the note sounded not without force in the book. It is a bald and strident statement of facts and theories already presented with infinitely more art in the frank speeches of "Angelica" and the mental agonies of "Eudene." Besides, there is a descent to the tit-for-tat style of argument, which is cheapening and disappointing. "Throw dirt enough and some will stick," is an axiom in certain kinds of warfare, which is easily proven true—provided only one stoops to pick up the mud and defiles one's hands in the flinging. But some people are not particular; as, for instance, the individual who coined the alliterative abusive "Shrieking Sisterhood," and began pelting the sex with it, to the amusement of the mob, who, ritly joined in.

It would have been more dignified to let the insult pass. It never proceeded from the heart or lips of a gentleman. It was a pity, therefore, to strike back with the ineffectual taunt of "Bawling Brotherhood." Calling each other names will not help men and women to a better understanding of their right relations to each other. And the step is especially ill-advised at this stage of the struggle, when, to be just, the best and worthiest men throughout the world are doing yeoman service for woman in helping to break down the barriers that stand in the way of her progress.

SARAH GRAND believes that the question of woman's superiority to man is now definitely settled, and its "New Aspect" reveals her in the rôle of a teacher and guide to the deteriorated sex. This theory is not quite new. It is not since yesterday that man has trusted himself to the guidance of woman. Our fathers and grandfathers were not ashamed to make open confession of what they owed to the influence of their wives and mothers. No good man ever was. It is for a woman herself to decide whether she shall be a queen or a servant to man. Only, having chosen, she should not boast of her power, nor complain of her servitude. Life is a terrible game of consequences.

It would be vain to deny that woman has suffered humiliations in the past from which, under the altered conditions of the present and future, she will be happily free. Her own exertions have brought her the freedom she pined for, but she must admit that in the struggle man has not been her enemy so much as her faithful ally. Men good and true have placed loyal hearts and strong arms at her service, have cheerfully made room for her beside them, and generously cheered her when she outstripped them in any direction.

Is all this to be forgotten because a certain proportion of society men—a mere handful as compared with the sum of the human race—take their pleasure as it comes to them, and assume that the laws of morality are binding only on the female sex? The evil Sarah Grand sees and deplures is, unfortunately, only too real and monstrous, but it is not of such colossal proportions as to her excited imagination it appears to be. There are, thank Heaven! more good men than bad in the world, or the world could not exist; and if it be true that women are the teachers and guides of men, it is not less true that men are the supporters and protectors of women, and that in recognizing each other's merits, as well as in correcting each other's faults, lies the secret of the perfect understanding which alone can bring about their mutual happiness.

THERE was a bit of comedy enacted in the House of Commons March 13, when the irrepressible Labouchere moved that "the power now enjoyed by persons not elected to Parliament by the usual process of the franchise, yet who are able to prevent the passage of bills, shall cease." To the surprise of everybody, including Labby himself, the motion was carried, by a vote of 147 yeas to 145 nays, and there was a general laugh throughout Christendom, mingled with not a little trepidation on the part of the members of the House of Lords. The very next day, however, the action was reversed, and Labby himself gracefully and wittily withdrew objection, saying that he had no desire to embarrass the Ministry. One of his pungent remarks in proposing the abolition of the Lords' veto power is likely to be remembered. "I, for one, am tired," observed Labby, "of pouring sound Radical liquor into a vat with a bung like Lord Salisbury ready to let it all out."

MARRIAGE OF MISS MORRIS AND MR. GEBHARD.

AN event of uncommon interest to New York society was the marriage of Miss Louise Hollinsworth Morris of Baltimore, to Mr. Frederick Gebhard, of this city, which took place at the residence of the bride's parents on March 14. The affair passed off quietly, the list of invited guests being limited to seventy-five. The bride, who is very beautiful, wore a gown of ivory white satin, with full train. The high bodice was fastened at the throat with a cluster of diamonds. The bridal bouquet was composed of violets, with a spray of orange blossoms in the centre. The wedding

ceremony was performed by the Rev. D. M. Babcock, pastor of the Brown Memorial Church, Baltimore, the drawing-room in which it took place being appropriately decorated with violets and American beauty roses.

The bride's going-away gown was of dark blue cloth, with which she wore a becoming Spanish straw hat, trimmed with three feather pompons. The honeymoon will be spent at Mr. Gebhard's Long Branch Farm.



MOTHER of flowers and every budding thing—
They hailed the Goddess, and before her shrine
Strewed braided blossoms and fair wreaths of vine,
And many another simple offering;
And then they feasted—made the night to ring
With joyous acclamation 'mid the shine
Of wind-tossed torches 'till the dawn gave sign:
Thus did the Saxons usher in the Spring.
Hers was the smile of promise, and her breath
Brought resurrection from a wintry death—
Radiant renewal to the breast of earth;
Then from afar the sweet Christ story came
And vitalized the vernal Goddess' name;
We hail Eostre still—the newer birth.
—CLINTON SCOLLARD.



WITH the bluebird's joyous note
Comes the overture to Spring;
When we see his shining coat
Sorrow to the winds we fling.
Glossy courier, fond and fair—
Guest of every wayside tree—
No human heart can well despair
In thy exultant melody.
The boreal bands of Winter break—
The crocus brings its warmer snow—
And soon each chillier, frozen flake
No spot of greening turf shall know.
Crocus white and daffodil
Print the lawn and garden-bed,
And though the northwind whistles still,
The march to Summer moves ahead.
Told by the sweet song-sparrow's strain,
And all the sorcery of Spring,
We hail this annual morn again
With flowers a-blaze and birds a-wing.
Bluebird, sparrow, crocus—all—
Daffodil and lilac-tree—
Join this sacred festival,
Making man and nature free.
—JOEL BENTON.

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT. THREADING A NEEDLE BY MAGIC.

PASS a thread about two yards long through a No. 6 needle, having an elongated eye, drawing the thread until both ends exactly coincide. At a distance of three inches from the needle slightly untwist each thread and pass the needle through them, as shown in 1, continuing to draw it up, as at 2, until the loops disappear. The threads have now been passed through two invisible eyelets, of which the use will presently appear. Having made these preparations in private, produce your needle, which has the appearance of being threaded in the ordinary way. Seat yourself at the table and announce that you will hold the needle under it, and, without looking, thread it with seven or eight other threads, or even more, if the eye is large and the thread fine.

The curiosity of the spectators being excited, this is what you have to do to fulfill your promise: Holding



the needle vertically in the right hand, with the left draw on one of the threads at the part between the eyelets and the needle's eye, in the direction indicated by the arrow in 3. In this way you force the eyeleted portions to pass through the eye of the needle, drawing with them the two threads which traverse them. Here, then, already are three threads through the eye of the needle. Continue to draw these as you drew the first one. At each passage of the eyelets through the needle two more threads are added to those already passed through it, until finally the number will have reached eight or ten, and without your having looked at it, according to your promise. The moment that you feel a little resistance, you will know that the operation is finished. The needle and thread will then present the appearance of the right-hand illustration. Ask for a pair of scissors, and still without looking, cut the loops of thread at the bottom, and then triumphantly display your needle, threaded with a great many threads, as shown in the cut at the left.

THE DÉBUTANTE.

MR. W. GRANVILLE SMITH, whose exceedingly graceful drawing of a sweet-faced debutante appears in this number of ONCE A WEEK, is one of the few industrious and ideal illustrators of note, from whose facile pencils work of unvarying excellence may always be expected. Mr. Smith is as fertile in ideas as his style is unique and his relatives numerous. He executes his conceptions with a well-trained hand, guided by an unerring eye for the beautiful. He employs brains as well as India ink in the production of his pictures. The least of his sketches is artistic, whatever else may be said of it. The thing which most impresses one in Mr. Smith's pictorial output—whether monochromatic or coloristic—is the charming grace of all his women and the sturdi-

expect from Mr. Smith when he is enabled to throw off the shackles of illustrated journalism to become a painter pure and simple.

A ROYAL SILVER WEDDING.

THE Emperor and Empress of Japan celebrated their silver wedding on March 15, the occasion being marked with appropriate festivities by the nation, as well as by their representatives abroad. The day was observed as a holiday at the Japanese Legation here, and a banquet held in the evening in honor of the anniversary.

The Emperor Mutsu-hito is still a young man, being only in his forty-second year. He was but seventeen when he married. The Empress is two years his senior. She is the daughter of Prince Ichijo.



A NEW YORK SOCIETY DÉBUTANTE.

(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by W. GRANVILLE SMITH.)

ness of all his men. Like the majority of present-day illustrators, he does not confine himself to the depiction of society types. Many of his best pictures of recent execution are of a period long since past—the latter half of the eighteenth century and the forepart of the present one. Mr. Smith's brush and pen-point productions are much sought after, and the publishers with their plethora of check-books keep him well out of the mischief which it is reputed Satan has for those who are idle. Personally, Mr. Smith is a short, stocky young man, with a fair complexion, curly head and hearty laugh. He is quick-mannered and good-natured. His work is his play. His studio is in New York, opposite the National Academy of Design, and his soul is in his art, where it ought to be. He is beardless but studious. Clever as his work in black and white unquestionably is, it only serves as a happy assurance of what we may

The reign of Mutsu-hito has been marked by many beneficent changes in the Constitution and Government of the Empire of Japan. The most remarkable of these was the abolition of the office of the Shogun or Tycoon, an event that speedily led up to the removal of many restrictions that had hitherto barred the Japanese from free intercourse with other nations. The Tycoon, whose office was hereditary, was the military and actual ruler of the land, the Emperor being venerated as a spiritual personage, the lineal descendant of the Sun-God. Abuses of power on the part of the Tycoon led to his downfall. Since that event Mutsu-hito has brought himself into much closer relations with his people than would have been possible under the old dispensation, and shown by various acts of wisdom and clemency that he is a sovereign to be both loved and respected. The old hostile attitude to foreigners maintained by all



EMPEROR MUTSU-HITO, THE REIGNING MIKADO OF JAPAN.

former rulers and leading men of the country has been abandoned; and as a result of unhampered intercourse with other nations, the people now enjoy the advantages of the highest civilization. Their railroad and telegraph systems have been completed, and a new postal system has been introduced, a gold and silver currency is now established, the army and navy have been reorganized, native industries enormously developed, educational and benevolent institutions founded, and, as a final result of contact with and study of foreign peoples and their governments, the Emperor, in 1881, issued a decree for the establishment of a constitutional Government.

The Imperial Diet now consists of a House of Peers and a House of Representatives. In addition to his Cabinet and the Diet, the Emperor retains the Privy Council, whose members are appointed by himself, and to whose deliberations he submits questions of importance. There are three political parties in Japan—the Conservatives, Moderates and Radicals. The latter body has not a very strong following, their views being as yet rather too advanced. The woman question has not yet begun to trouble the surface of political life in Japan. The conditions which govern female life are such as to make the probability of emancipation for the sex an extremely remote one. Though treated with manifest unfairness and surrounded by ridiculous restrictions, the women of Japan seem, nevertheless, content to remain in obscurity. The Empress, by reason of her elevated position, of course commands the highest respect from the nation, but takes no part in public affairs, confining her attention to her domestic responsibilities, including the care of her children, of whom she has several.

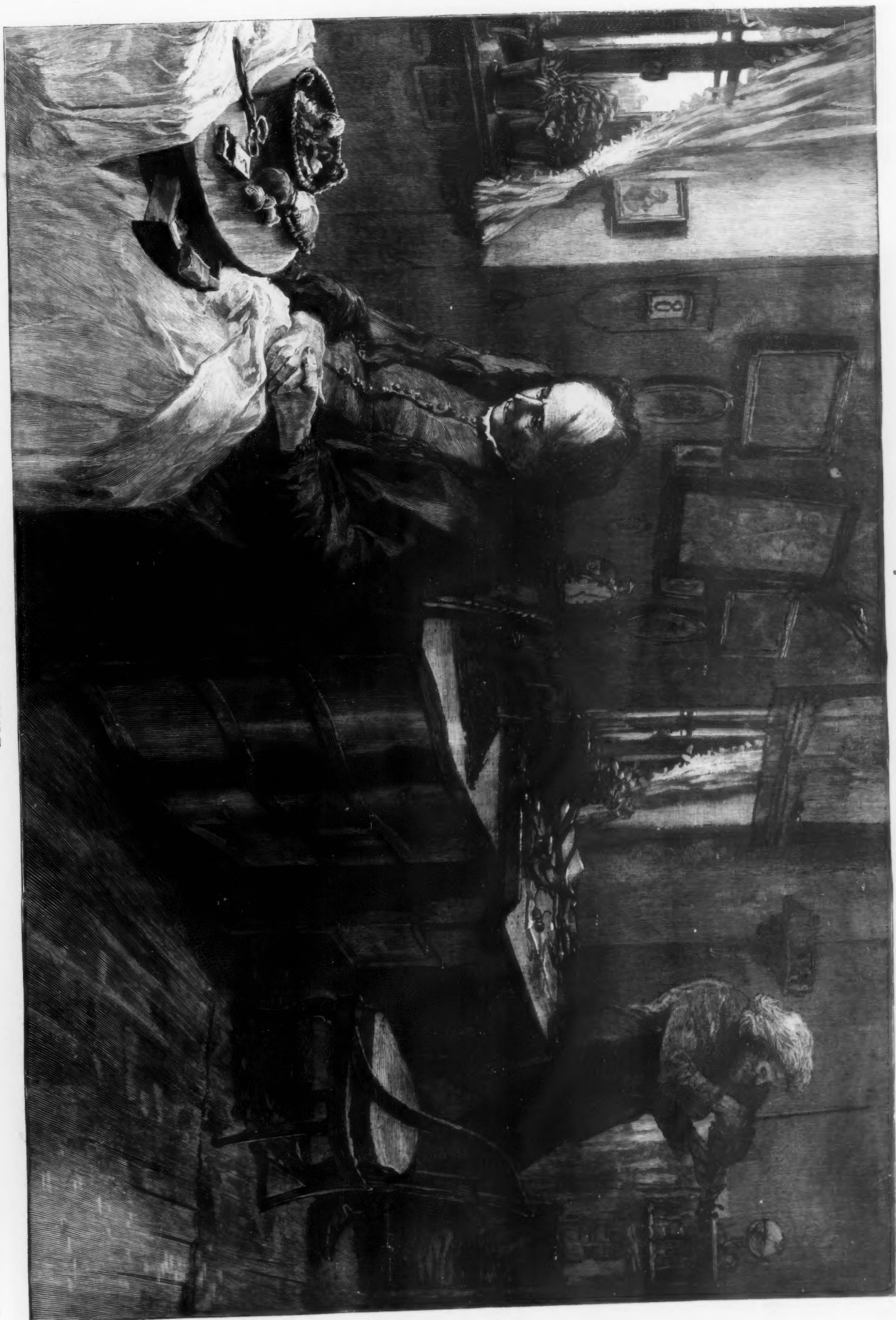
Personally, the Emperor is said to be a man of refined and intellectual tastes. As a ruler, he has been



THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

compared to Peter the Great of Russia, whose love for his people and zeal for their welfare and progress Mutsu-hito successfully emulates.

It is hard to appreciate present mercies. A kitten unable to get out of a bath-tub does not stop to give thanks that the water is not turned on.



THE OLD TUNE.

DRAWN BY PAUL HERT.

THE TEXAS RANGER

OUTSIDE of the pages of fiction the Texas Ranger is seldom introduced to the general public. His personal acquaintance is something to be prized, and with my fingers still tingling from his hearty hand clasp, with the memory of his original ways still fresh in my mind, it is a pleasure to speak of him, to tell who and what he is, and what manner of life he leads. He met me with a warm smile of welcome, and the pleasant light in his eyes was in strange contrast to his costume, with its belt full of cartridges about his waist and the heavy pistol on his hip. He was an ideal host. Everything he had was mine, and the entire camp was at my disposal. I had every opportunity to study him, and I availed myself well of the chance; for there is in all America no more interesting figure than the Texas Ranger.

Texas has long been a favorite field for romance and story, and in many a thrilling tale the Texas Ranger has been a character, both picturesque and prominent; yet even though his name and his fame have been so widely heralded, he is somewhat of a myth to the world at large, and even to the average Texan he is little known, much misunderstood and thoroughly unappreciated.

The Frontier Battalion, as the Texas Ranger force is now officially designated, is in every way unique. It is a standing army, regularly enlisted in the service of the State, always in the field, always under arms. It has been an important factor in the affairs of Texas for more than half a century. In the days that now grow dim in history, when the spirit of American manhood first aroused the Texas pioneers to action, and dreams of freedom quickened into the glorious reality of Texan independence, the Ranger first entered the field among the foremost of those who reared the structure he has since so faithfully helped maintain.

It was in 1832, when the citizens of Texas were assembled in convention at San Felipe de Austin, to sue for statehood under the Mexican Government, that they provided for the protection of the frontier by a body of mounted men, or civic militia, on duty for forty days at a time, in relays of forty men.



The exact extent of the force is not known, but it continued in existence and constituted one of the people's main defenses during their subsequent struggle with Mexico. Under the Republic the organization numbered one thousand men, and was divided into small troops patrolling the Mexican border and the equally dangerous frontier to the west and north, from which the murderous redskins made their frequent raids. When the State was admitted to the Union the Rangers had yet much to do. They took a most prominent part in the Mexican War, and remained in the saddle when that war was over.

Much of interest might be written of the doings of the Rangers in the stirring times which followed, when but a call was needed to augment their thin lines along the border into a determined little army, and hurl them, an avenging host, down on the Mexican raiders or the Indian hordes with the hideous trail of burning homes and

murdered, mutilated forms they always left behind them. It is the purpose of this sketch, however, to picture the Texas Ranger as he exists to-day.

The force was reorganized by act of the Fourteenth Legislature, and, April 10, 1874, six companies, of seventy-five men each, were put into the field. The disasters of the Civil War had left Texas, as were all other Southern States, prostrated and poverty-stricken; but Texas, in addition to the sorrows and suffering it shared with its sister States from the horrors of reconstruction, was scourged with a harassing, never-ending warfare with border ruffians and Indians grown bold by the license of war and the subsequent years of misrule. Indians and Mexicans ranged the prairies, back and forth across the border, and murder, robbery and arson were done by day and by night. Progress and prosperity were held in check, the State was at a standstill, and the life led by those hardy pioneers who had pushed their way to the outposts of civilization was hazardous in the extreme, exposed, as they were, to the hardships of an undeveloped frontier, surrounded by a lawless, desperate element, the outgrowth of existing conditions. The Texas Rangers soon made themselves felt, however, and before their steady front, step by step they pushed the opposing forces of lawlessness and discord. Many a hard-fought fight marked their way, and the milestones of their progress were graves inclos-

ing the forms of brave Rangers who fell before the bullet of the outlaw. To-day the Indian is gone and the desperado is held in check; but the Texas border can never be stripped of its charms for fugitives from justice and desperate men of all nations, and the day will never come when there will be no demand for the services of the Texas Ranger.

With the advance of civilization the number of Rangers has been gradually reduced, until there are now but four companies in the field, and the minimum limit has, in all probability, been reached. To these four companies is intrusted the guardianship of the frontier, from the Pan Handle to the Gulf of Mexico,



a stretch of border country greater in extent than the Atlantic coast from New York to Charleston. When it is realized that the Rangers keep this entire line under constant patrol, the significance of their name is seen. Empowered with the authority of peace officers, heavily armed and well-mounted, they ride the broad prairies, and shrewd, indeed, must be the criminal who escapes their vigilance. They act in conjunction with the sheriffs of the border counties, and, whenever practicable, co-operate with the regular United States army forces along the Rio Grande. Criminals of all kinds know them and fear them, and their very name is a power for good. Some idea of the extent of their operations may be gained from a statement in a recent report of the Adjutant-General—their official head—showing that, in one year, they scouted over eighty-nine thousand four hundred and seventy-two miles in the discharge of their duty, and arrested five hundred and ninety-seven desperate criminals.

I cannot give a better idea of the Texas Ranger of to-day than by showing him as he appeared to me on the occasion I have before mentioned, when I was the guest of one of their companies, shared their hospitality, and accompanied them on their round of duty for nearly a month. It was in the Rio Grande country, and, though winter, the weather was hot and dry. In that country rain is often unknown for many months, and on this occasion the drought had been almost unbroken for two years. The camp of the Rangers was located in the midst of a country so parched and barren of vegetation as to resemble a desert; yet this very country was a cattle range, and, in favorable seasons, the rich grass carpeted its vast stretches with verdure on which countless herds were fattened. A row of tents, neatly arranged, presented an appearance quite military; but with that the resemblance ceased, for the rigor and discipline of a military encampment were entirely absent. Obedient to every command, the men yet held themselves the equal of their captain; and he, in turn, treated them with an off-hand freedom very different from the attitude of the officer toward the regular in ranks. The secret of this is found in the fact that the captain has chosen every man in his company with a personal knowledge of his worth, and knows he can depend on him in every emergency. He gives no unnecessary orders, and when he speaks, his men act. The captain of the company is paid one hundred dollars a month, and the privates thirty dollars. All supply their own arms and horses, and the State furnishes them with ammunition and provisions. No uniforms are worn, and in the midst of the Ranger camp one finds himself in rough-looking company, indeed. Shining rifles, big revolvers, long knives, woolen shirts and slouch-hats, pants in boots, and sometimes leather breeches, are the accompaniment of every man, giving the camp the appearance of a crowd of brigands rather than a posse of peace officers. It doesn't take long, however, to find that their roughness is all outside. There is no bigger-hearted, generous fellow on earth than your genuine Texas Ranger—no more warmly hospitable place than a Ranger camp. The routine of arresting cattle-thieves and trailing ordinary criminals is often varied in the round of Ranger life, when big raids of outlaws, intent on driving whole herds across the border, are to be intercepted, fugitive train robbers run down, or some noted desperado taken in charge. All seems confusion at first; but when the time for action comes, a word brings order, and in a moment every man is in the saddle, belted and spurred, ready to sweep like the wind across the dusty prairies.

It was such an occasion I have in mind. A fugitive from Mexico, at the head of a motley crew of cut-throats, came in conflict with the United States troops, one of



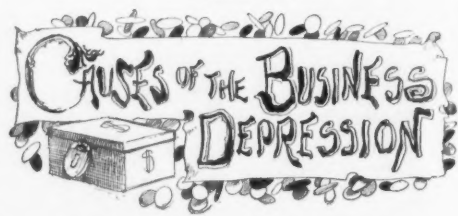
whom was killed, and the Rangers took the field to assist in their capture or extermination. Night and day they rode. The comforts of camp were unknown. The drought-stricken country for hundreds of miles was their field of action, and through the trackless chaparral, where naught of life was seen but the sluggish vulture feasting on the famine-slaughtered stock, they pursued the

fleeing outlaws. Many a fight they had, and it is no fancy picture which shows the Ranger fallen in the fight, the smoking pistol still in his hand, while his faithful horse, with wind-tossed mane and tail, sniffs at his lifeless form. The country was sparsely inhabited, and the people, far from the centers of civilization—for the most part rough, ignorant, superstitious descendants of the lower class of Mexicans—were friendly to the fugitives; yet success went with the Rangers. A number of prisoners were taken, some worthless lives cut short, and some vacant places left in the ranks of the Rangers. Those of the outlaws not captured or killed were swept from Texas soil, law and order were upheld; and though humble hearts in humble homes mourn the dead Ranger so soon forgotten by the world, the result is good. The price of peace is always paid in blood.

And such is a brief glimpse into the life of the Texas Ranger.

ROBERT J. BROWN.

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FROM HENRY GEORGE'S POINT OF VIEW.

I AM asked by ONCE A WEEK to state what, in my opinion, are the causes of the existing business depression. It should be possible to do more. For the method that has fixed with certainty the causes of natural phenomena once left to varying opinion or wild fancy, ought to enable us to bring into the region of ascertained fact the causes of social phenomena so clearly marked and so entirely within observation.

To ascertain the cause of failure or abnormal action in that complex machine, the human body, the first effort of the surgeon is to locate the difficulty. So the first step toward determining the causes of business depression is to see what business depression really is.

By business depression we mean a lessening in rapidity and volume of the exchanges by which, in our highly specialized industrial system, commodities pass into the hands of consumers. This lessening of exchanges, which, from the side of the merchant or manufacturer, we call business depression, is evidently not due to any scarcity of the things that merchants or manufacturers have to exchange. From that point of view there seems, indeed, a plethora of such things. Nor is it due to any lessening in the desire of consumers for them. On the contrary, seasons of business depression are seasons of bitter want on the part of large numbers—of want so intense and general that charity is called on to prevent actual starvation from need of things that manufacturers and merchants have to sell.

It may seem, on first view, as if this lessening of exchanges came from some impediment in the machinery of exchange. Since tariffs have for their object the checking of certain exchanges, there is a superficial plausibility in looking to them for the cause. While, as money is the common measure of value and a common medium of exchange, in terms of which most exchanges are made, it is, perhaps, even more plausible to look to monetary regulations. But however important any tariff question or any money question may be, neither has sufficient importance to account for the phenomena. Protection carried to its furthest could only shut us off from the advantage of exchanging what we produce for what other countries produce; free trade carried to its furthest could only give us with the rest of the world that freedom of exchange that we already enjoy between our several States; while money, important as may be its office of a measure and flux of exchanges, is still but a mere counter. Seasons of business depression come and go without change in tariffs and monetary regulations, and exist in different countries under widely varying tariffs and monetary systems. The real cause must lie deeper.

That it does lie deeper is directly evident. The lessening of the exchanges by which commodities pass into the hands of consumers is clearly due, not so much to increased difficulty in transferring these commodities, as to decreased ability to pay for them. Every business man sees that business depression comes from lack of purchasing power on the part of would-be consumers, or, as our colloquial phrase is, from their "lack of money." But money is only an intermediate, performing in exchanges the same office that poker-chips do in a game. In the last analysis it is a labor certificate. The great mass of consumers obtain money by exchanging their labor, or the proceeds of their labor, for money, and with it purchasing commodities. Thus what they really pay for commodities with is labor. It is not merely true in the sense he meant it that, as Adam Smith says, "Labor was the first price, the original purchase money that was paid for all things." It is the final price that is paid for all things.

The lessening of "effective demand," which is the proximate cause of business depression, means, therefore, a lessening of the ability to convert labor into exchangeable forms—means what we call scarcity of employment. These two phrases are, in fact, but different names for different aspects of one thing. What from the side of the business man is "business depression," is, from the side of the workman, "scarcity of employ-

* On the other hand, Pond's Extract, recommended, indorsed, prescribed by the most eminent members of the medical faculty, has grown and grown into public favor, ever onward; its reputation world-wide and well established; its virtues indisputable. The verdict of the people, the experience of every household, have awarded it the highest rank in the list of curative agencies, because of its inherent worth, and that it does all it proposes to do." —New York Graphic.

ment." The one always comes with the other and passes away with the other. They act on each other, and again react, as when the merchant or manufacturer discharges his employes on account of business depression, and thus adds to scarcity of employment. But in the primary causal relation scarcity of employment does not come from business depression, as is sometimes assumed, but business depression comes from scarcity of employment. For it is the effective demand for consumption that determines the extent and direction in which labor will be expended in producing commodities—not the supply of commodities that determines the demand.

What is employment? It is the expenditure of exertion in the production of commodities or satisfactions. It is what, in a phrase having clearer connotations, we term work. For the term employment is, for economic use, somewhat confused by our habitual distinction between employers and employes. This distinction only arises from the division of labor, and disappears when we consider first principles. I employ a man to black my boots. He expends his labor to give me the satisfaction of polished boots. What is the five cents I give him in return? It is a counter or chip through which he may obtain at will the expenditure of labor to that equivalent in any of various forms—food, shelter, newspapers, a street-car ride, and so on. In final analysis the transaction is the same as if I had employed him to black my boots and he had employed me to render to him some of these other services; or as if I had blacked my own boots and he had performed these other services for himself. Even in a narrow view there are only three ways by which men can live—by work, by beggary and by theft; for the man who obtains work without giving work is, economically, only a beggar or a thief. But on a larger view these three come down to one, for beggars and thieves can only live on workers. It is human labor that supplies all the wants of human life—as truly now, in all the complexities of modern civilization, as in the beginning, when the first man and first woman were the only human beings on the globe.

Now, employment, or work, is the expenditure of labor in the production of commodities or satisfactions. But on what? Manifestly on land, for land is to man the whole physical universe. Take any country as a whole, or the world as a whole. On what and from what does its whole population live? Despite our millions and our complex civilization, our extensions of exchanges and our inventions of machines, are we not all living as the first man did and the last man must, by the application of labor to land? Try a mental experiment: Picture, in imagination, the farmer at the plow, the miner in the ore vein, the railroad train on its rushing way, the steamer crossing the ocean, the great factory with its whirling wheels and thousand operatives, builders erecting a house, linemen stringing a telegraph wire, a salesman selling goods, a bookkeeper casting up accounts, a bootblack polishing the boots of a customer. Make any such picture in imagination, and then by mental exclusion withdraw from it, item by item, all that belongs to land. What will be left?

Land is the source of all employment, the natural element indispensable to all work. Labor and land—these are the two primary factors that, by their union, produce all wealth and bring about all material satisfactions. Given labor—that is to say, the ability to work and the willingness to work—and there never has and never can be any scarcity of employment so long as labor can obtain access to land. Were Adam and Eve bothered by "scarcity of employment"? Did the first settlers in this country or the men who afterward settled those parts of the country where land was still easily had, know anything of it? That the monopoly of land—the exclusion of labor from land by the high price demanded for it—is the cause of scarcity of employment and business depressions, is as clear as the sun at noonday. Wherever you may be, that scarcity of employment is felt—whether in city or village, or mining district or agricultural section—how far will you have to go to find land that labor is anxious to use (for land has no value until labor will pay a price for the privilege of using it), but from which labor is debarred by the high price demanded by some non-user. In the very heart of New York City, two minutes' walk from Union Square will bring you to three vacant lots. For permission to use the smallest and least valuable of these a rental of forty thousand dollars a year has been offered and refused. This is but an example of what may everywhere be seen, from the heart of the metropolis to the Cherokee Strip. Where labor is shut out from land it wastes. Desire may remain, but "effective demand" is gone. Is there any mystery in the cause of business depression? Let the whole earth be treated as these lots are treated, and who of its teeming millions could find employment?

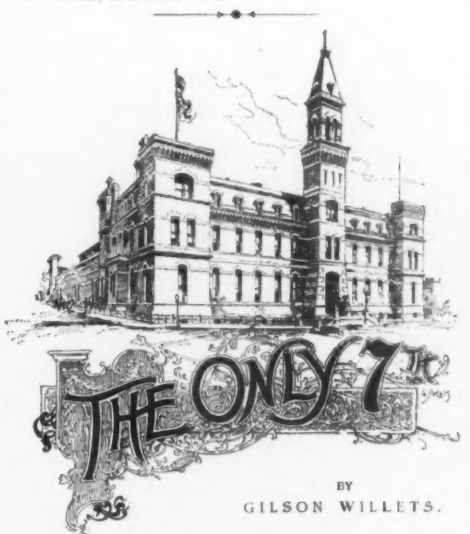
At the close of the last great depression I made "An Examination of the Cause of Industrial Depressions" in a book better known by its main title, "Progress and Poverty," to which I would refer the reader who would see the genesis and course of business depressions fully explained. But their cause is clear. Idle acres mean idle hands, and idle hands mean a lessening of purchasing power on the part of the great body of consumers that must bring depression to all business. Every great period of land speculation that has taken place in our history has been followed by a period of business depression, and it always must be so. Socialists, Populists and charity-mongers—the people who would apply little remedies for a great evil—are all "barking up the wrong tree." The upas of our civilization is our treatment of land. It is that which is converting even the march of invention into a blight.

Charity and the giving of "charity work" may do a little to alleviate suffering, but they cannot cure business depression. For they merely transfer existing purchasing power. They do not increase the sum of "effective demand." There is but one cure for recurring business depressions. There is no other. That is the single tax—the abolition of all taxes on the employment and products of labor and the taking of economic ground rent for the use of the community by taxes levied on the value of land, irrespective of improvement. For that would make land speculation unprofitable, land monopoly impossible, and so open to the possessors of the power to labor the ability of converting

it by exertion into wealth or purchasing power that the very idea of a man able to work, and yet suffering from want of the things that work produces, would seem as preposterous on earth as it must seem in heaven.

HENRY GEORGE.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1894.



At the Seventh Regiment Armory, some night during the coming week, there will be a regimental review, music, dancing and feasting, all to celebrate the freeing of New York's crack regiment from debt. The Seventh is bound to be independent in every respect. In 1824 it adopted a uniform unlike that worn by any other regiment; it had the honor of being the first "National Guard" organization, and now—in 1894—it becomes the first and only military organization in New York to own the armory which it calls its home.

The armory, outspreading generously over the entire block on Park Avenue, between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh Streets, is said to have cost, with all its furnishings, one million dollars. Every cent of this amount has been paid by the soldier boys and their friends, the State not having been asked for a single dollar. And here's the way it was all managed. The regiment's old quarters were over Tompkins Market, at Third Avenue and Seventh Street—an old, shaky building in which the boys never could abandon themselves to a right royal good time for very fear that the building would collapse. Accordingly, they built the home which they now occupy, and had a grand house-warming in it on April 26, 1880. To raise the necessary funds, a big fair was held, which netted them about three hundred thousand dollars. Then bonds to a large amount were issued to the members, who took them out of sheer love and pride of the regiment. All the while, the State opened its pocket for the Seventh only once a year to pay the rental, which is due to every regiment. This rental—in this case, eight thousand dollars, by the way—the State will continue to pay to the Seventh, though under no other expense.

The foundation of the present regiment was laid back in the earliest years of the century. It was first known as the Second Battalion of the Eleventh Regiment of Artillery, New York State Militia. It would have no dependence, however, even in name; and its members, growing restive, some wanted the regiment called the "New York City Guard," others the "Washington Guard," and still others the "Independence Battalion," until, in 1824, it took the name of the Battalion of National Guard. Later, it became known as the Twenty-seventh Regiment of National Guard; then it became simply the Seventh Regiment, until now, by act of Legislature, it is the Seventh Regiment of National Guard, State of New York.

The honor of founding the present organization belongs to six men; namely, Major John D. Wilson, Major Prosper M. Wetmore, and to Captains Irad Hawley, John Telfair, William B. Curtis and Howard A. Simons—all formerly of the Second Battalion of the Eleventh Regiment. These were the men who really tore the Second Battalion from the Eleventh Regiment and gave it a new individual and independent existence. With equal care they laid their plans and executed them. Recruiting began. Applications from the very best class of citizens poured in; every application was investigated, and the slightest shadow of doubt meant rejection. The best men only were selected. This policy has ever since been rigidly adhered to—a policy which is, perhaps, the secret of the regiment's long and honorable career and of its glorious success. The Seventh Regiment's waiting list for application for membership is a long one. Perhaps it is as long and includes as many blue-blooded names as the list at the Union Club. Anyway, if the applicant wishes to become a member of the Seventh Regiment when he is twenty-one, it is just as well for him to put in his application at the age of eighteen.

The selection of the regiment's striking uniform was the result of an accident. The question had been discussed for many months, when, one morning—the morning of Lafayette's arrival in New York Harbor—Sergeant Philatus Holt, of the Fourth Company, was stopped on Beaver Street by Major Wetmore and Major Wilson. The sergeant wore a short-tailed, tight-fitting gray business coat, which had attracted the attention of the two majors. That coat then and there passed a very critical and very favorable examination, with the result that the majors concluded if brass buttons were sewed on just such a coat, it would be exactly the thing for the Seventh. A sample coat was made; everybody liked it, and thus the regiment came to be the first organization to wear permanently a uniform of gray.

The Seventh's first commander was Major Prosper

M. Wetmore, who, on October 14, 1823, was elected Lieutenant-Colonel. Their first parade took place two days later, the Seventh being the only military organization which turned out to celebrate the opening of the Erie Canal. Colonel Wetmore, having made himself exceedingly unpopular, resigned, and was succeeded, on April 25, 1827, by Colonel L. W. Stevens. The regiment at this time, it must be remembered, was known as the Twenty-seventh Regiment, and so continued until 1847, during which twenty years it was commanded in succession by Colonels John J. Manning, Levi Hart, Morgan L. Smith, John M. Catlin, Washington R. Vermilye and Andrew A. Brenner. In 1847, however, it became the Seventh Regiment, and then its life really began. In 1849 Colonel Brenner was succeeded by Colonel Abram Duryea. In this historic year the gold fever seized many of its members and hurried them away to California, woefully depleting its ranks. It is a fact worth noting that nearly half the regiment joined the forty-niners, only a few of whom ever again re-joined the ranks of the regiment. It was in May of this same year that the men of the Seventh Regiment proper aimed their firearms at human targets. The occasion, as everybody knows, was the Astor Place Riot, when the Seventh fired one volley over the heads of the mob and two deadly volleys into their midst. Then for many years the regiment, of course, was always at the front on ceremonial occasions, as in all other demonstrations, either of peace or war. In 1859 Marshal Lefferts assumed command; and to real war the regiment actually went forth on April 19, 1861, when, in response to Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand men, it wound down Broadway, through Cortlandt Street and across Jersey City ferry on its way to defend the national capital. Its war record is familiar history to all who read this.

In June, 1864, Marshall Lefferts, who had become celebrated as the war colonel of the regiment, resigned his commission, and Captain Emmons Clark, of Company B, was unanimously elected in his place. Colonel Clark remained in command for a full quarter century, when he was brevetted Brigadier-General and resigned, beloved by every member of the regiment.

That was in 1889. In his place was elected the present colonel, Daniel Appleton. Like all the officers of the regiment, he rose from the ranks. He joined the regiment in 1871, rose to the rank of Sergeant, in 1875, was promoted to First Sergeant in 1875, secured his commission as Lieutenant in 1876, as Captain in 1879, and finally, on July 18, 1889, was unanimously elected Colonel of the Seventh Regiment.

ROLL OF MOST DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

PETER D. BRAINSTEAD, JR.	EUG. T. KIRKLAND.
WILLIAM H. BREMAN.	LEWIS H. BROWNE.
WILLIAM H. KIPP.	ALBERT C. SHURWAY, JR.
DON ALONZO POLLARD.	ARTHUR C. CLAYTON.
JAMES C. ABRAMS.	WILLIAM A. VALENTINE.
GEORGE MOORE SMITH.	CHARLES H. CADWELL.
WILLIAM S. LEST.	THEODORE DURRA.
GEORGE W. LEWIS.	MORTON B. STELLER.
S. L. H. WARD.	JAMES W. B. ROCKWELL.
GEORGE GREGORY.	JOHN DANIELL, JR.
WILLIAM M. MORGAN.	THEODORE BARCOCK, JR.
GEORGE B. RHODES.	HENRY V. D. BLACK.
DANIEL A. NESBITT.	ROBERT M'LEAN.
WALTER S. WILSON.	FREDERICK C. M'LEWEE.
JOHN B. HOLLAND.	FREDERIC VAN LENNEP.
JOHN M. SMITH.	JOHN R. CUMMINGS.
HARRISON G. M'FADDIN.	FRANK KOCH.
GEORGE W. RABD.	EDWARD C. SCHONSMACKER.
AUGUSTUS W. CONOVER.	ROBERT S. HOLT, JR.
JAMES B. DEWSON.	BORACE E. FOX.
FRANK M'COY.	CHARLES F. HEMMENT.
WILLIAM E. STARR.	CHARLES L. COMFORT.
ALBERT DELAFLIELD.	T. J. O. REINELANDER.
BORACE C. DUYAL.	AUGUST BERTRAND.
WALTER G. SCHUYLER.	ALFRED M. HEARN.
JOHN A. HUNT.	ROBERT F. MORRISON.
DANIEL APPLETON.	CLEMENS F. MULLER.
JOHN W. M'DUGALL.	BENJAMIN F. HILLERY.
JOHN F. LONG.	FRANCIS G. LONDON.
WM. C. B. KEMP.	PAUL A. JEANSON.
GEORGE W. ROSEVELT, JR.	HARRY S. MORRIS.
WILLARD C. FISK.	CHARLES A. APPLETON.
CHARLES E. L'YDECKER.	MAJOR A. WHITE.
JOHN M'GHEEVEY.	JOHN W. SCOTT.
LOUIS G. FRANKAU.	ROBERT MAZET.
JAMES D. FORD.	FREDERICK R. LEE.
HARRY M. NESBITT.	ARTHUR J. WOODS.
CHARLES M. BAKER.	ARTHUR E. WHITE.
HENRY EVERDELL.	JOHN J. WHITE, JR.
JOHN K. GREEN.	JAMES WOTHERPOON.
JOSEPH WILLIAMS.	EMMONS CLARK, JR.
WILLIAM H. PALMER.	EZRA W. HENNETT.
GEORGE J. SOSTAR.	FREDERICK O'BRYEN.
SAMUEL M. WAINOCK.	ROBERT M. KALLOCH.
SAMUEL D. FOLSON.	WM. H. VAN KLEECK, JR.
JOSEPH R. DEDERER.	GEORGE J. WEAVER.
JAMES T. HARPER.	GEORGE D. FITMAN.
GEORGE H. GOULD.	WILLIAM E. MEAD.
GEORGE L. ANDRUS.	WALTER E. WARD.
CHARLES S. CLARK.	ARTHUR DE SALDERN.
WILLIAM J. UNDERWOOD.	COURTNEY S. BUSSE.
WILLIAM H. FOLSON.	WILLIAM D. LEONARD.
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ANDREW J. ECCLES.	EUGENE R. RICHARDS.
A. M'DUGALL.	(See page 8.)

SUPPOSING that a man or a woman knows his or her own mind, and supposing that an outside party suddenly asks him or her: "Sir (or Madam), what's on your mind?" is it good form on the part of him or her to be taken all of a heap by the suddenness, or to reply: "I don't know, 'mshure?" Whatever difference of opinion may be possible on this momentous subject, there can be none whatever on the particular point that, if you are fond of good reading, page 13 of the present issue of this journal tells you of an easy way to become supplied.

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1859 *Marshall Liffers* 1864



1864 *Emmons Clark* 1869

THE MEN WHO HAVE COMMANDED THE ONLY SEVENTH.—(See page 7.)



AN EASTER SCENE AT THE FLORIST'S.

(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by F. C. MARTIN.)

EGG-ROLLING AT WASHINGTON

AT a very early hour on the morning of each sunshiny Easter Monday, squads of children may be seen making their way along the Washington streets toward that point of common interest—the White Lot—as the grounds about the Executive Mansion have been christened. All day the procession continues. At two o'clock the Egg-Rolling is at its fullest blast, and by evening it is well that the children have had their fun, for moving-about room is scarce.

The old German custom of Egg-Rolling, introduced into the Capital of the United States some time back, becomes more and more popular with the increasing population. The children, hurrying from all directions, are carefully carrying their precious eggs, done up in little pasteboard boxes, lunch-baskets, tin buckets, or showing conspicuously in the open egg-baskets. Some of these baskets are of a very good size, and their proud possessors lay claim to as many as two or three dozen eggs. Eggs of every description and of every color find their way to the White Lot—china eggs, glass eggs, hens' eggs, red eggs, yellow eggs, blue eggs, green eggs. I saw a poor little maid of three upset her basket in the middle of the street. Her china eggs broke into little bits, and she had only the hens' eggs left. In consequence of this catastrophe, the mite of a mortal lifted up her voice in lamentation as she journeyed on toward the Egg-Rolling.

The scene at the White Lot—as highly colored as the eggs—is interesting in the extreme. The standard game of former times—which consisted in rolling the eggs, in turn, down the slopes, the winner of the game being the boy or girl whose eggs rolled the furthest without coming to any mishap—has degenerated into a number of games minus any science whatever, the china eggs, not intended to be broken, playing almost as important a part as the hens' eggs. Eggs are rolled from one child to another in the manner in which some very peaceable youngsters play marbles. Eggs are also tossed in a reckless fashion, as if they were little rubber balls, and here and there eggs are sent flying promiscuously through the air. Down every slope—and there are numerous slopes in the White Lot—eggs are swiftly rolled; but no boy or girl winner gathers in a crop of broken eggs. It is roll and toss on the hills with the element of gambling omitted.

As we all know, a great many people have caught cold from standing in the windy, snowy or rainy Washington streets watching the Inaugural procession. It is also averred that many people catch cold from sitting upon the grass in the White Lot on Easter Monday; and considering that Easter Monday sometimes occurs along with the 1st of April, this does not seem surprising. But oh, dear! what a tremendous fuss the children of Washington make when the President of the United States declares that it is too damp for the Egg-Rolling!

Picnics are a prominent feature of the day, and eggs the principal fare of the picnics. Any one looking very close into the midst of color and movement, is sure to see an anxious mother trying to entice a hard-boiled egg away from her baby and substitute a biscuit instead; but, in nine cases out of ten, the baby fights for the egg.

It is rather a venturesome thing to advance into this hubbub with a tripod camera in order to procure "a good picture" of the Egg-Rolling; and it is a very foolish thing for an amateur photographer, in such a situation, to imagine for a minute that she is going to have it all her own way. Yet I walked up a very pretty slope by the side of a little curly-headed friend of mine in a baby carriage, paused on the brow of the hill, established the small dais in a comparatively vacant space, and went to work arranging that troublesome tripod. "When I have everything ready," I remarked, coolly, "I will call the children that I want and will take my first picture of the Egg-Rollers."

I was busy fixing a good focus, when there sounded about me the sudden cry of "Baby Ruth!" There was quite a variation in the exclamations that followed, but all were admiring and rapturous: "Oh, look at Baby Ruth!" "Oh, isn't Baby Ruth sweet?" "Ah—h! Ah—h!" Men, women and children—principally women and children—pressed closer to me; my camera was in danger of being overtopped, my camera box, holding the necessary plates, of being lost to view. There arose another cry. It was of the expostulatory order, and it came from the children: "Oh, let the lady take Baby Ruth's picture!" I saw then what the commotion meant, and turned hastily to the eager crowd with the disappointing words: "This is not Baby Ruth," after which I invited some of the Egg-Rollers to "hold still and be in the picture." The child who held the hand of the fictitious Baby Ruth was considered to be specially honored; for upon the outskirts of the crowd it was still supposed that "the lady with the camera" was photographing the President's small daughter.

Every now and then a little curly head popped up at one of the windows of the White House, presumably the head of the real Baby Ruth, whose blue eyes were undoubtedly looking out with interest upon the proceedings beneath. From the library windows of the White House the best view of all this maze of color and movement can be obtained; for directly below the library windows and slanting away from them are the slopes alive with all ages and jolly with children.

Here and there some poor little frightened mortal wanders aimlessly around the White Lot with his arm covering his fearful face, or both fists pressed into his

eyes. His eggs have all been broken and pitched about or eaten, and now he is lost. But a good Samaritan in the shape of a kind-hearted "cop" is pretty certain to come across this "stray" and cheer him up and find his people for him. Making things peaceable is the duty of the policemen on Easter Monday in the White Lot, and they are stationed at the gates to see that no large carriages dare to use the driveways, and that all the little people get in safe.

Here and there above the heads of the pleasure-seekers one may catch sight of the end of a rope, flourished in the air just as wildly as those red and blue eggs, and just about as aimlessly. That is the end of a jumping-rope. The other end is held by a little Washington darkey, beside herself with joy and dangerously exultant. Rope-jumping is, indeed, another prominent feature of the gala day in the White Lot, the slopes of the hills serving wonderfully well for the purpose. It seems as if the children are determined to get all the good they can out of the President's grounds on the sunshiny Easter Monday.

It is said that President Cleveland is very fond of the Egg-Rolling, and that he doesn't grumble at all about the injury to the grass. But some of the grown people who pass through the walks and look around at everything grumble a good deal about the injury to the grass; for the grounds are profusely littered with the remains of the luncheons, bits of paper and colored eggshells. "How glad the President must be when it rains!" exclaimed one of the grown people. "It will cost hundreds and hundreds of dollars to clean this place up!" But good authority declares that President Cleveland is almost as sorry as the children to see the rain come down on Easter Monday.

Some one has likened Washington to an Oriental city on account of the color most conspicuous in the streets on all festival occasions, and very noticeable upon the Egg-Rolling ground. Little white children, dressed very smartly and rolled in very fine carriages, are perfectly at home in the White Lot on Easter Monday; and little black children are hauled thither in queer little wooden boxes on wheels, wherein they sit contentedly with a basket of eggs—sometimes two baskets of eggs—before them, and sometimes a disreputable cat or dog or doll of the lately-introduced calico tribe. And whereas the white man generally goes on with his work as if Easter Monday were only an ordinary day, the Oriental man lays off and jubiliates.

There are other Egg-Rollings at Washington besides the Egg-Rolling at the White Lot. Eggs are rolled and tossed and eaten in the spacious grounds belonging to the Soldiers' Home; eggs are tossed and rolled and eaten in Capitol Hill, and eggs are tossed and rolled and eaten in the quiet parks. Even in the outskirts of Washington many a grassy hillock is honored by those rolling colored eggs, and some kind mother or nurse cheerfully tosses them back to the happy little children who cannot go to the White Lot or the Soldiers' Home or to Capitol Hill.

But the children in the suburbs and the children on Capitol Hill, and all those children who do not attend the Egg-Rolling in the White Lot, miss the crowning ceremony of the sunshiny Easter Monday; for at about four o'clock in the afternoon the Marine Band pulls in and plays one rattling juvenile tune after another, with a fervor and vim that proves the Marine Band also cares nothing at all about the injury to the grass. It is after the coming of the band that the Oriental portion of Washington is happiest. Indeed, at this period those who have not been able to get to the White Lot earlier manage to put in an appearance. I saw a poor but cheerful mother come through the gates rather late hauling her youngest in a box on wheels. She had evidently hurried to the White Lot to "heah de music;" for the black baby in the box didn't have any eggs—only a very, very disreputable calico cat and dog.

LOUISE R. BAKER.

EASTER FLORAL GIFTS.

GROWING plant is the most suitable gift for Easter, as it is an emblem of life and growth. Cut-flowers are also gracious offerings, and thousands of bunches of spring flowers will thus be presented as mementoes of the occasion. Floral gifts at Easter are looked upon as a matter of course, as much as cards and presents at Christmas-time. The trade in cut and potted flowers just before Easter has grown to gigantic proportions in recent years, and every florist's establishment is stocked with the famous Bermuda lilies, hyacinths, azaleas and other spring flowering beauties.



In New York City alone it is estimated that over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars are spent for flowers during Easter week.

Potted plants are rather awkward presents to make, and the fashion is becoming more and more to send cut-flowers, appropriately tied together. Many new novelties are made each year to accompany the cut-flowers. One of the new Parisian novelties in this line consists of a silver quarter-moon, with clasps on the inner side to encircle the stems of the flowers. A long silk ribbon is knotted at each horn of the moon, and drapes down in a graceful loop. On the outer side of the silver half-moon is engraved in fancy letters the single word, "Easter," as shown in the illustration.

A second novelty consists of a cross of silver or white metal, with a similar back clasp, and a front with some appropriate word engraved on it. The flowers are fastened at the back and drop over the front. A third novelty is a St. George's cross, decorated with fine engraving, and the word "Life" enscrollled upon the front. Two large, full-grown, blooming lilies should be fastened at the back of this cross.

These novelties come in various forms and shapes, as well as in several kinds of metal. A few extremely handsome

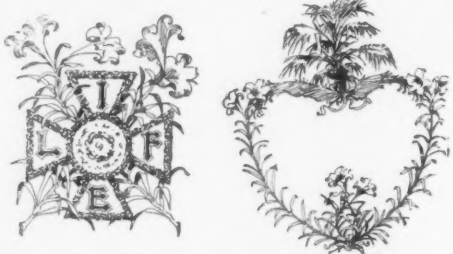
ones are made of gold, and occasionally they are studded in front with diamond chips, making elaborate and expensive Easter presents. Bon-bon trays and boxes are also made in various styles for Easter gifts. The box is usually filled with choice candies, and then the sides decorated with small cut-flowers. They are very graceful and sweet tokens of the occasion.

In addition to this, very many home-made novelties will be presented as Easter tokens. Novelties are cut out of stiff pasteboard, imitating stars, crosses, hearts and similar designs. The board is covered with rich satin or plush, to suit the taste of the giver, and bunches of flowers are attached to the back by means of silk ribbons. Appropriate mottoes and words can be worked in silk on the front of the satin background. Bon-bon boxes are made out of pasteboard boxes of peculiar



shape, and then covered with plush. The top can be decorated with a bunch of violets, or the box filled with choice, small cut-flowers. A scrap-basket is similarly decorated with huge bunches of lilies and hyacinths, and hanging work-baskets made entirely of cloth or silk. A simple bunch of small flowers tied neatly with ribbon to an ordinary painted Easter card is a pretty and fashionable gift that can be sent by mail in a box.

In sending flowers by mail, especially cut-flowers, care should be taken to pack them carefully in a stout box that will not get crushed. The bottom and sides of the box should be lined with oiled paper or ordinary white wrapping-paper smeared with lard on the outer side. Place the flowers in the box on the greased paper, and sprinkle them with fresh water. Add a little moist moss around their stems, if possible. Then cover over with another piece of oiled paper, and place the cover



on the box. Packed in this way cut-flowers can be shipped by mail or express across the Continent, and when they arrive at their destination they will be nearly as sweet and fresh-looking as when first cut. Cut-lilies from Bermuda—a most delicate bloomer when severed from the stem—can be shipped up from that sunny island of the sea in this way with comparative ease. The boxes should be marked so that every one may know what they contain, and more care will be given to them in handling.

GEORGE ETHELBEET WALSH.

AN OLD FOLKS' WOOLING.

PICTURES of French life possess an inexhaustible interest and charm for American readers. This is especially true when the work of portrayal is accomplished by an artist, and by one, too, who finds abundant and satisfying material to draw from without trenching on forbidden topics. Madame Gréville, in "An Old Folks' Wooring," gives us a book which is at once delightfully entertaining and deeply interesting, while yet free from the unwholesome tendencies that make most French novels unfit for general circulation. It is a beautiful story of the trials, struggles and final triumph of a beautiful soul. The character of "Edmee" is one which it would profit every society woman to study and imitate. "An Old Folks' Wooring" will be distributed to our subscribers with this number. All readers are referred to page 13, where the advantages of renewing subscriptions are set forth. Tell your friends—tell all the world—and gain the unprecedented advantages offered.

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Jinks—"And didn't you say anything when Brobston called you the biggest liar and blockhead in the country?"

Filkins—"Yes; I told him that he forgot himself."

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TAILOR MADE GOWNS

EASTER comes too early this year to make its customary commotion in Vanity Fair. The probabilities being that March, which came in like a lamb, will go out like a lion, few among us cherish the hope of being able to bloom out in spring-like raiment on the day of rejoicing. Therefore, instead of the gay and airy costumes which filled the streets and the churches last Easter Day, there will be seen this year only the more subdued and seasonable modifications of the tailor-made gown. If there breathes a woman anywhere in this wide Union with soul so dead that never to herself has said: "I must have a tailor-made gown," let her be anathema. It is no longer a matter of taste or caprice merely whether this useful and becoming garment be included in one's wardrobe. It is absolutely *de rigueur* to possess at least one well-made, well-fitting, well-finished dress of dark serge, cloth, hop-sacking or other such plain, serviceable material for

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morning wear. Where there is a necessity for strict economy in matters relating to the wardrobe, it is far more judicious to save on evening and house-dresses and let the walking-costume be the best of its kind. Many pretty, low-priced materials may be used to good advantage for blouses, tea-gowns and even ball-dresses, and the amateur dress-maker does not encounter serious difficulty in constructing dainty costumes of this description, because defects of cut and finish may be cleverly concealed by an adaptation of lace, ribbon or drapery. But the "prentice hand" is inexorably revealed in the plain lines and seams of the tailor-made gown, in the cut and hang of the skirt, and the set of the collar. An effort should therefore be made to employ a really first-class ladies' tailor; and though the experiment may seem a little costly at the outset, it will be found, in the long run, to prove a good investment. For comfort, elegance, durability and convenience no other gown can compare with the tailor-made, as any one will testify who is in the habit of wearing them.

All tailor-made gowns are built on the same general lines; but there is considerable scope for variation in their details, and consequently for the exercise of individual taste. In the accompanying group a number of different designs are shown, some severely plain, suitable only for walking, shopping, traveling or outdoor games; others, slightly more elaborate, appropriate for church, visiting, teas and other early functions. Special descriptions of all the costumes shown would fill too much space, so I will describe only the most striking ones, giving general hints as to the details of the rest.

With regard to the most suitable colors for a tailor-made gown, I would suggest that where the choice is limited to one the preference be given to black. It always looks and wears well, is less obtrusive than brown or blue—a consideration of importance if the same gown must be worn day after day—and lends most happily to little variations of color in the way of neckties, waistcoats and bibs.

When the purse is deep enough to allow of two or three gowns, fawn and tan-colored cloths are much to be recom-

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mended. Brown, navy blue and gray are also within the range of the tailor-made gown; but the last shade should be avoided by pale or muddy-complexioned women. In fact, any face or figure not positively pretty is apt to suffer by the neutral background it affords. Some of the mixed tweeds are charming in color and general effect, and look, if anything, even smarter than the plain cloths and serges.

The tailor-made costume of to-day consists of three pieces—skirt and coat of the same material and a different waistcoat. For the latter there is almost a limitless choice of materials; and it is a good plan, when possible, to have a number of waistcoats of contrasting colors, so as to relieve the monotony of one's costume. Tattersall, horse-cloth, box-cloth, checked, figured or dotted vesting, corduroy velvet, black moiré and white duck or piqué are among the most noticeable materials affected by fashionable women. Not long ago I noticed a young married woman at Delmonico's, at luncheon, most becomingly dressed in a black serge tailor-made gown, with a waistcoat of scarlet vesting, dotted with black. She wore a plain white shirt-bodice, with standing collar and a black necktie. Somehow, she looked more distinguished than any other woman present, though it goes without saying that all were more or less well-dressed.

The gowns for afternoon wear in the illustration on page 11 call for special description. One has a skirt and coat of frieze cloth, in a good shade of tan. The round collar on the coat is edged with Mediterranean blue faced-cloth, partly covered with a braiding in tan and silver. The waistcoat, which fits tightly up to the neck, is entirely of the blue cloth, fastening down the centre like a military waistcoat with little silver buttons, followed by a line of silver braid fancifully turned at the corners. Another, in heaver-tinted Venetian cloth, has a bodice with a tight-fitting habit back and Zouave fronts, with long points displaying a quaint collar, on which is an appliqué design of réséda green cloth. The latter material is used entirely for the waistcoat. A blue serge costume boasts a waistcoat and revers of light fawn cloth, edged with a flat black braid followed by a curly design in braid of a narrow width. Very satisfying is the dress of black and white checked



COURTLAND PALMER, THE DISTINGUISHED YOUNG AMERICAN PIANIST.

tweed, with a border of narrow black watered silk, and the accordion-plaited vest is of black chiffon, with a collar-band of turquoise-blue velvet.

An original and pleasing combination is a costume of bright brown camels' hair cashmere, made with a double skirt. A tight under-bodice and large sleeves are of corduroy velvet, in a bright shade of réséda green. The over-bodice is cut in *juice* style, rather full, outlined with jet, and belted at the waist with jet.

One of the dresses shown was carried out in bright réséda green cloth, the hem of the skirt trimmed with a broad band of black military braid, with a fanciful design of black and gold cord two inches above it. The bodice is turned back with revers, and shows a vest of biscuit-tinted cloth, closely covered with cord.

Some good designs for open coats and capes are shown. A comfortable and useful wrap is invaluable for the summer season. It is desirable to unite beauty, warmth and convenience in this kind of garment, which is likely to be stowed away in a small space, and even sat upon or otherwise abused in the vicissitudes of traveling, driving or boating excursions, picnics, etc. The long cape shown is made in reversible tweed of very fine quality, in different colors. Very pretty ones have one side in oak-brown and the other in a smart red and blue check. These wraps are of a comfortable length, and are made with a very full shoulder-cape and a deep turn-down collar. They are ingeniously arranged with straps from the shoulder, which cross over the chest and then pass round the waist, so that the cape can be thrown back without falling from the shoulders.

Another useful cape is shown on the figure in golfing costume. It is designed by an English tailor. The whole costume might be adapted for a traveling suit or one for out-door games. It is of warm fawn cheviot, doubled with navy blue dotted with white.

The design as well as color of the tailor-made gown should be chosen with regard to the appearance of the wearer. For a stout figure, the revers of the coat should be long and pointed, and the material used should be smooth-faced cloth or plain serge. A slender, girlish figure looks well in light, showy tweed, with very broad revers on the coat.

I have already outrun the limits of the space assigned me; but though much more might be written on the subject, I hope enough has been given to enable my readers to make a satisfactory selection of a new tailor-made gown. G. G.

An article appeared in a recent issue of the *Buffalo Express*, criticising the motives which govern the award of honors in the shape of titles and orders to Canadian statesmen and politicians. The *Express* plainly intimated that such distinctions were mere empty prizes bestowed by the Government on useful followers, often for services far from creditable, and in consideration of certain goodly sums of money, greater or less, according to the degree of dignity coveted. In referring thus contemptuously to the titled men of Canada the *Express* makes an exception in favor of Sir James Grant, acknowledging that, in his case, the distinction was conferred purely in recognition of his ability and distin-

guished services to the medical profession in Canada. This is undoubtedly true; but while subtracting nothing from the well-known merits of Sir James, it must be remembered that among his titled brethren are some perhaps equally deserving of their elevation. Sir John Thompson, for one, is a man whose bitterest opponent would not venture to describe as incapable or unscrupulous.

He named his laying hen Macduff,
And when at early dawn
She cackled loud, he cried in glee,
"Lay on, Macduff, lay on."

DID you know that ONCE A WEEK inaugurated the popular system of distribution in the publishing business in the United States? Fact. Hundreds of thousands of people in this country who would not otherwise have been supplied are to-day reading the brightest illustrated weekly journal in the Union, the best new novels that modern authorship can produce, and books of standard literature that no person of intelligence can afford to be without—all at an expense of less than two cents a day, and all because ONCE A WEEK introduced the new order of things. On page 13 will be found matter of interest for you if you are not a subscriber, and a new surprise for you if you are.

EASTER BONNETS.

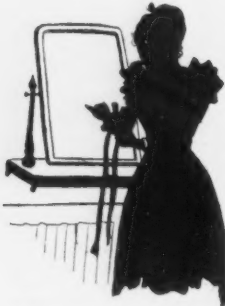
SOME GRAPHIC NOTES DEALING WITH MY WIFE'S NEW SPRING BONNET, SHOWING WHAT SHE (AND THE BONNET) WENT THROUGH BEFORE THEY WERE READY TO ACCOMPANY ME



1—She first went to her wardrobe.



2—From whence she produced a hat-box.



3—From the hat-box she lifted a mysterious thing, enveloped in a handkerchief, which turned out to be the new—



4—Bonnet.



5—The bonnet was now arranged and re-arranged; in fact, generally pulled about and bally-ragged.



6—It was next gingerly put on the head.



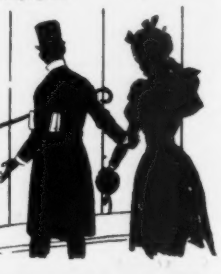
7—The hair was next arranged to suit the bonnet, and the bonnet got a shove or two to suit the hair.



8—At last it was placed to her satisfaction. The next thing was to fix it permanently. This was done at length by means of iron implements called hatpins.



9—So far so good. A thorough examination *ensemble* then took place with the aid of two of the mirrors.



10—An awning or veil was next dexterously fixed over the face and bonnet (the two mirrors again being employed).

11—With a final glance 'In a pier-glass the LITTLE adventure ended.

ONCE A WEEK
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Do You See That?



It belongs to the "CAPITALS OF THE GLOBE," meaning a matchless volume on the chief cities in every land under the sun. You journey through London, Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, The Hague, Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm and the Graves of the Gods, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Berne, Geneva, Rome, Venice, Naples, Madrid, Seville, Lisbon, Vienna, Prague, Buda-Pesth, Bucharest, Athens, Constantinople, Jerusalem, Mecca, Tehran, Ispahan, Perropolis, Merv, Bokhara, Samarkand, Kandahar, Kelat, Bombay, Delhi, Jaypore, Benares, Calcutta, Rangoon, Mandelay, Pekin, Shanghai, Yokohama, Tokio, Kioto, Alexandria, Cairo, Tangier, Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Cape Town, Ottawa, Quebec, Washington, New York, Chicago, City of Mexico, Havana, Guatemala, Managua, San José, Caracas, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, Santiago, Valparaiso and Lima.

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SPECIMEN PAGE OF "CAPITALS OF THE GLOBE." THIS BOOK IS PRINTED ON FINE PAPER WITH WIDE MARGINS.

TOKIO.

397

Rivers and canals are very numerous in Tokio; in fact, they take up a great part of the city.

Architecturally, the city is a blank; or so nearly a blank that the few attempts at European style and proportions which are at all satisfactory only serve to add to the general impression of squalor by reason of their conspicuous isolation.

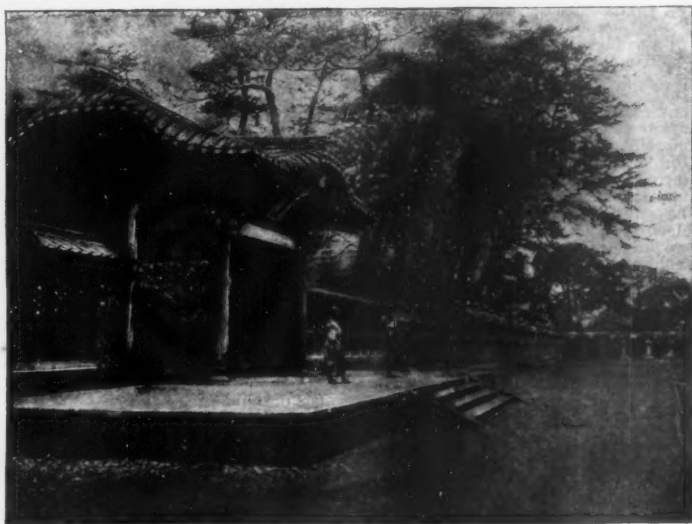
The streets for the most part are narrow, and teem from morning till night with humanity. There are no regulations, apparently, such as those embodied in the local ordinances of most civilized cities, whereby accidents may be prevented. Teams are driven at a terrific speed over shaky wooden bridges, and there are always many condemned and closed. There are apparently no sidewalk ordinances, and this is accounted for ordinarily by the fact that there are no sidewalks to regulate. Every manner of liberty is taken with the streets

instead, when the sidewalks are thus wanting. The most incongruous spectacle is that afforded by the presence of street cars—a feature peculiar to the capital city alone. Like all the foreign improvements here, the street-car lines are English in style; the cars having four or six wheels and running upon tracks provided with a groove for the wheel flanges. The



JAPANESE CARRIAGE.

drivers and conductors are, of course, Japanese dressed in European clothes, but never more than decently appareled. The conductors carry ancient-looking leather satchels strapped over their shoulders, from which they sell tickets to all passengers, to be collected at the door as the passengers quit the car. There are no bells on the horses, but a horn hangs by the side of the driver, and the latter energetically toots it as his horses dash along at a rapid speed down the street. Although these Japanese ponies are abused shamefully in order to make them attain a speed satisfactory to the driver (there are no hu-



SHIBA TEMPLE, GATEWAY NO. 4.

mane societies in Tokio), the cars will stop sometimes for ten minutes at a crossing while the conductor and driver wait for an imaginary load of passengers without the least concern or impatience.

The principal objects of interest are the Shiba temples, Akasaka and Ueno Park.

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A San element of *fin-de-siècle* romance, the Ghost may be pronounced a distinct failure. True, indeed, it is that he still makes an occasional fitting appearance in the pages of the modern fictionist; but he is no longer surrounded with that aureole of great authorship which once lent dignity to his presence. He has fallen back to the place of a secondary character, and it is doubtful if ever again he may resume the place of pivotal Personality which he used so often and so ably fill.

Of how many fine stories do we not remember him as the principal figure? of how many dramas, the leading man? Who, for instance, can doubt that the presence of the Ghost is as necessary to the play of "Hamlet" as is that of the melancholy young Dane himself? Without that awful apparition of his dead father to cause and explain it, the freakish insanity of the Prince would leave him utterly out of the range of human love, if not of human sympathy. It is the extenuating circumstance which makes him a lovable fellow, midst all his vagaries, even to the very end.

To follow the movements of the Ghost as he flits and dodges and makes unseemly noises in the pages of playwright and story-teller, from the era of the great William down to the beginning of our own, would be but an uncanny and profitless task. We know that people once read the "Mysteries of Udolpho." But we also know that to cry for the moon and to ask for a revival of the childish faith in the Unseen which once made such spectral crudities possible, would be about equally unsuccessful.

A very clever man of the period in which Byron thundered and Keats died was Monk Lewis. A period so very prolific of stars of the first magnitude that the twinkling lights of its cleverness are, for most of us, the merest remembrances. Yet, as the father of the Gruesome Ghost, it may be safely predicted that the name of Lewis will hold its own to the end of time. Who that has had the good fortune to have listened in his trusting childhood to that awful narrative of "Alonzo the Brave," will forget the spasms of terror and delight with which he used to hear that—

"The worms creep in, and the worms creep out;
They sported his eyes and his temples about,
When the specter addressed Imogene."

It would have been a miracle had not Scott, with his birth and bringing-up on the border-land filled with the "skirling wraiths" of contending heroes, given us some of the innumerable legends that had delighted his

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And middle age disports itself, too, there,
Poor tottering old can only gaze and stare.

1. You will not find me in the running brooks,
Though oftentimes in the greatest books,
So critics say—add, genius this atones.
No serious, yet I'm found in stones.
2. Lovely maiden half affrighted
Tuneless sings—he laughs, Ha! Ha!
What! already 'tis invited,
Artful fair sings: "Ecce ego qua!"
3. The rubicon is passed—good fate this luck
awards,
Caesar his legions counted—we our cards.
4. Sea, but inland, two words complete its name:
No burning skies o'er glister o'er the same;
What is its hue? remains that to be seen?
Not black or blue, perhaps it may be green.
5. When stars grow pale, and daylight darkness
meets,
Such wail official waves about the streets.
6. They proffer fortune still—a dream or wraith?
On East, West, South, then you should pin
your faith.

PUZZLE.

Si ti ont tujs sa ew ekta ti,
Sint easytim diore to sour?
Fies elid' l'w' elyil sa ew kame ti.
A seothar to snothir to relosowf.

Was na tac—pear a bath;
Osw a tibha—opra racherecat;
Swo actarrhe—repa a yesnidit.

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boyhood, colored with the hues of his own imagination. Even those who vote Scott a "bore" and "old-fashioned," might find delight in that wonderful tale told by Wandering Willie, in "Redgauntlet." So good, indeed, it is, and so wonderful, with its phantoms of Bonny Dundee and the rest of them, that to speak of it in a farcical way would be, even in this incredulous age, a gross impertinence.

And Bulwer Lytton. Who at the present day would think of weaving a story of several hundred pages about such a figure as is the central one in that queerest *pot-pouri* of Theosophy and Buddhism and general mysticism, "A Strange Story"? And who that ever read it did not rise from the perusal in a quandary as to whether he had not been interesting himself all the time in the hatreds and jealousies and loves—especially the loves—of a Ghost? Perhaps, indeed, it is as the creator of the Theosophical Ghost that Bulwer will occupy a seat in the Pantheon of great authors and also go down to posterity. His gentlemen—even the most snobbish of them—are generally very fine and splendid fellows; but, then, others have given us fine gentlemen. His specters only are inimitable.

There was very little room for the supernatural in the healthy imagination and joyous nature of Dickens. So we find that when his Ghost comes on the scene it is merely as the moving agency in a philanthropic scheme, which compels Scrooge, whether he will or no, to the ways of generosity and mercy. Still, were it not for his shadowy presence, the world would be the loser by one of the very best of all Christmas stories.

As a factor in human affairs the Ghost would seem to have been sadly underestimated by Thackeray; and the cares and distresses and needs of the real people about her left no room in the philosophy of George Eliot for the shadowy people beyond.

To think of the bright, quick-witted young Anglo-Indian, who made his bow to the world a few years ago as the singer of "Barrack-Room Ballads," in the character of a ghost-seer, seems the worst kind of an incongruity; but it is quite probable that, long after Mulvaney has become only a joyous memory, the very original Ghosts, who have the principal roles in his tale of the "Phantom Rickshaw," will still be ever-green sources of nightmare and dismay. For in that pleasant narrative it is not only the specter of a dead lady that appears on the scene, but those of her "rickshaw," her horses and the liveried servants who drove them through the streets of Simla, as well.

In another of Kipling's stories, "At the End of the Passage," we have the most original idea of a man who was frightened to death by seeing his own ghost. The specter, however, in this instance, we are made to understand, was the result of care and overwork and a broiling Indian sun; and there is nothing more touching in modern fiction, perhaps, than the figure of the self-haunted Englishman clinging to his lonely post to the last.

A most thoroughly up-to-date Ghost, and one that is not known nearly so well as it should be, is that which plays the part of leading lady in one of a collection of short stories published a few years ago, under the title of "At the Witching Hour." Here it is that fearful creation of the Oriental fancy—the Vampire—that dominates matters. And it would be hard to imagine anything more truly terrifying than the combination of lonely laurel-groves, Roman Campagna, ancient villa and pre-Christian cemetery, which lead up to the final dread catastrophe of the artist's death.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne once tried his hand on the Vampire as the subject of cheerful narrative, and in his "Ken's Mystery" gave as delightful a combination of silver moonlight, Irish scenery and the apparition

of a wicked Celtic princess as the heart of man could desire.

Yet, with the exception of these two helping hands, the Vampire has had no introduction to speak of in the pages of our latter-day fiction. So that in an age which finds every subject well-worn and frayed at the edges, she (for the Vampire is invariably of the gentler sex) has the supreme recommendation of being comparatively new. And, indeed, there is every reason to hope that, one of these days, some of our writers with a taste for the spectral and a capability for fascinating narrative will turn the lady into a veritable gold-mine. Think, for instance, of a man falling in love with and marrying a Vampire, and of the delightful story that might be woven out of those two facts! Treated in the gentle, photographic manner of Mr. Howells, it would be irresistible. Treated in the clear-cut, finished style of Mr. Henry James, it would be divine.

But, coming from the subject of pen-and-ink ghosts to the good old ones that have rattled their chains and banged the furniture and disappeared through keyholes in tradition and legend of time immemorial, it is well to inquire if, for most of us, these things are quite altogether mockeries. The taste for the supernatural and the awful is certainly a most marked trait of all healthy childhood. When, in the childish heart, did the figures of Washington or William Tell, for instance, begin to compete with those of Blue-Beard and Jack the Giant-Killer? And though we outlive those delightful people and laugh or weep at the memory, as it may be, the invisible wire that connects our souls with the mysterious world behind and around and beyond us never wholly ceases to vibrate. Spiritualism itself is a diseased consciousness of the presence of such a connection, and the tranced medium of our own day, who gives revelations at so much per revelation, is but a modern and sordid rendition of the old-time Apollonian priestess.

The notion that a belief in the supernatural was a mark of ignorance and general antiquity, and as such to be wholly derided by persons of any up-to-date pretensions which used so largely to obtain, has now almost completely died away; and while in literature we find that the Ghost has declined, in real life he is just as much of a "first-class fighting man" as ever he was. Reporters of the daily press seek his companionship in haunted houses, and societies for psychical research track him ruthlessly to his lair. The mosses do not grow to any extent on his tombstone.

It is but little over a week since a most eminent and trustworthy ecclesiastic electrified the congregation of the Cathedral on Fifth Avenue by describing, in unmistakable terms, an apparition which he himself had seen, and believed to be nothing less than the Devil. At least, this was the impression which the newspaper reports of the Rev. Kenelm Vaughan's narrative conveyed; and in this day of Ingersollian non-belief in his Satanic Lordship, the little whiff of honest brimstone was more than acceptable. Notwithstanding such an eminent example, however, it is quite safe to predict that the Devil, as a devil, will never again be the fashionable subject for sermons that he once was. Attired in the habiliments of a Ghost, he may still hold a certain foothold in romance and discourse. But the day of his renown has departed. The horns are blunted and broken, and the hoofs hide themselves in French calf. *Hic jacet Lucifer.*

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In Switzerland and Denmark the per diem pay of the early United States Congress prevails. In Switzerland members of the National Council receive \$2.50 a day, and members of the State Council \$1.50 to \$2.50 a day.

Perhaps the most thoroughly overpaid National Legislature (if it can be called so) is the Legislature of Canada. It has fifty-six more legislators than England. There are two hundred and fifteen members of the Chamber of Deputies who draw \$1,000 each for each session of the Parliament; and there are eighty members of the Senate who receive \$10,000 per year each. The Speakers of the two Houses receive \$8,000 each per year. That is just the amount paid to the President of the Senate of the United States and

the Speaker of our House of Representatives.

The amazing discrepancies in the salaries of Canadian legislative officials are to be found in other governments. The United States pays its Senators and Representatives alike \$5,000 a year each; and to the presiding officers of the two Houses it pays \$8,000 a year each. Canada pays \$1,000 to one class of legislators, \$10,000 to another, and \$8,000 each to the presiding officers. England pays nothing to the members of the House of Lords or the House of Commons; but the Speaker of the Commons has a salary equivalent to \$25,000 and a house, while the Lord Chancellor draws a salary of \$50,000—equal to that of President Cleveland—of which \$20,000 is his salary as Speaker of the House of Lords, and \$30,000 is his salary as a judge; and the retiring pension of the Lord Chancellor is \$25,000 a year.

Other English salaries are equally amazing, compared with those which are paid to similar officials under this Government. There is the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, for example. In England he has \$40,000 a year. Chief Justice Fuller, of our Supreme Court, has a salary of \$10,500 a year. The judges of the Higher Court of Justice in England receive \$25,000 each; the Associate Justices of our Supreme Court receive \$10,000 each. The Attorney-General of England has \$35,000 a year, and his fees sometimes amount to \$25,000 a year more. The First Lord of the Treasury receives \$25,000 a year; the First Lord of the Admiralty, \$22,500 a year. Attorney-General Olney, Secretary Carlisle and Secretary Herbert have to get along with \$8,000 a year each and a horse and carriage.

Our President does not draw the smallest salary paid to the head of a nation, but he comes within a very few of doing so. The President of Switzerland receives \$3,000 a year, and the President of the Argentine Republic only \$30,000. President Cleveland draws \$50,000 a year; and as I have said, probably saves half of that sum. It is said to have been a point of honor with some of the Presidents of the French Republic that they would not save any part of their salaries, because they believed that the money was intended to be used in supporting the dignity of the office. No President of the United States has had any such idea, and most of them who have served a full term have taken nice little nest-eggs away with them. The salary of the President of the French Republic is \$240,000 a year. Napoleon III. received \$5,000,000 a year; but he had to bear many of the expenses of the Government, such as the maintenance of palaces, subsidizing theatres, etc. The present head of the French nation has none of these expenses, and he can leave office a rich man if he serves a term of four

length. Our President has a house given to him, and all of the "official" expenses of that house are paid for him; but the distinctly household expenses come out of his own pocket.

The Queen of England receives \$300,000 for the privy purse, besides a civil allowance nearly six times as great. The Prince of Wales has an income of \$500,000 a year; the Princess, \$50,000, and each of the children of the Prince of Wales, \$180,000 a year.

The Emperor Francis Joseph receives \$1,800,000 a year from Austria and \$1,600,000 a year from Hungary. He is obliged to maintain out of this a number of palaces, libraries, museums, parks, etc., and to pay the subsidies of several theatres.

King Humbert of Italy has an allowance of \$3,000,000 a year, out of which he, too, has to keep up palaces in different parts of the nation—in cities formerly capitals of independent States.

The Emperor of Japan has an annual allowance of more than two and a quarter millions of dollars. The Prince of Montenegro has only \$20,500 a year, but Russia allows him \$24,000 more.

The Shah of Persia has the income from a private fortune of \$27,000,000, accumulated by his family in office.

The King of Sweden and Norway receives nearly \$600,000 a year from his people.

The King of Greece has an allowance from his country of \$200,000 a year, and a further allowance of \$20,000 from Great Britain, France and Russia.

The King of Belgium has an allowance of about \$650,000 a year.

The King of Serbia receives \$240,000 a year. The infant King of Spain and his family have an allowance of \$2,000,000 a year.

The Emperor William gets \$1,225,000 from Prussia alone, and his grandfather is said to have saved \$12,000,000 out of his allowance from the State.

The Czar of Russia is credited with receiving more than \$12,000,000 from his Government.

In the light of these facts concerning the pay of foreign rulers and foreign law-makers, it would appear that the statesmen of America are rather underpaid. It is a fact that, with the exception of the President, the man who saves money in public life is a great excep-

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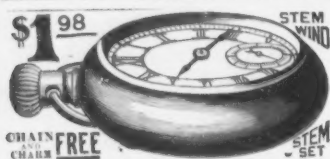
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